

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SECOND SATURDAY CONCERT.—Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Signor Napoleone Verger, Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmerman. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony; Rondo Brilliant; Fantasia A minor, and Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," and W. Sterndale Bennett's Overture, "Paradise and the Peri."
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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will return to London for the winter season early in October. Letters to be sent to his residence, No. 6, ST. MARY ABBOTTS TERRACE, KENSINGTON. Hanan, Frankfurt, Sept. 25th.

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HERR STOCKHAUSEN begs to inform his friends and pupils that he will arrive in London on the 8th of November. For particulars apply to Mr. A. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

MR. MAPLESON begs respectfully to announce that he has taken the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, for his usual short Autumn Season of Italian Opera, commencing on Monday, October 30th. Full particulars will be shortly announced. The box-office will open on Monday, October 23rd, under the direction of Mr. H. Hall.

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A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 624.)

This position will not trouble a manager who makes it his aim merely to extract the money of the "public" from their pockets; the task is accomplished with great tact and unfailing certainty by the manager of every one of our large and small Town-Theatres. Such a position, however, exercises a confusing effect upon a manager appointed by a princely Court to direct a precisely similar institute, but differing from those mentioned because it enjoys the patronage of the Court, which guarantees to cover any deficit in the receipts.—In consideration of this guarantee on the part of his patrons, the manager of a Court Theatre ought to feel inclined to refrain from speculating upon the already depraved taste of the masses; he should endeavour rather to raise it by regulating the spirit of the theatrical performances in accordance with the judgment of a higher order of artistic intelligence. This was, in truth, the original and laudable intention of intellectual sovereigns, such as Joseph II., in founding Court Theatres: it has, also, been handed down as a tradition to the Intendants of Court Theatres in modern times. Two practical considerations, however, have prevented the realization of this intention—in itself, more magnanimously and kindly chimerical than really feasible—firstly, the personal incapability of the Intendant appointed, who is generally selected from among the Court officials, without reference to his having acquired any knowledge to fit him for his post, or even to his possessing any natural aptitude for art; and, secondly, the impossibility of really renouncing the system of speculating upon the taste of the public. It was precisely the more liberal provision of pecuniary resources for our Court Theatres that was expended in raising the price of the artistic materials, as the leaders of our state, though otherwise such eager advocates of education, with regard to theatrical art, never once bestowed a thought on developing those materials; the costliness of these institutions rose, consequently, to such a pitch, that the system of speculating upon the paying public, without whose active assistance the outlay could not be met, became an absolute necessity, for the manager of a Court Theatre more than for anyone else. But to practise the system like others engaged in theatrical enterprises, was something which the feeling of his higher mission rendered impossible for the aristocratic Intendant of a Court Theatre, as his mission—in consequence of his personal inability to understand its proper significance—could, unfortunately, be understood only in the spirit of completely purposeless courtly conceit, and treated on the principle that, in case of any absurd arrangement, the Intendant excused himself by asserting that, in a Court Theatre, such matters concerned nobody. Thus it came to pass that the efficiency of the Intendant of a Court Theatre nowadays can consist only in the conflict, which we are continually beholding, between a *bad* spirit of speculation and narrow courtly pride. It is so easy to perceive it cannot possibly be otherwise, that I have merely touched upon such a state of things, without pretending to illustrate it at any length.

That no one, even with the best intentions, and, from a feeling of honour, most easily disposed to do what is right, can escape the coercive influences of such a position, unless he resolves to give it up entirely, was something which could not fail to become evident to me from my experience in Dresden. I do not deem it necessary to describe that experience minutely; I need hardly assure my readers that, after my endeavours, continually renewed, and invariably found useless, to obtain through the personal partiality of my Intendant for me any influence decidedly favourable to theatrical matters, I at last fell into a torturing, vacillating, uncertain course, which was full of contradictions, and in which I groped about at random—a course from which I was able to free myself only by drawing completely back, and confining myself strictly to my duties.

If I again returned from this state of retirement to the theatre, I could, after beholding the fruitlessness of all my combined efforts, do so only with a view to its *total* transformation on principle. I was forced to acknowledge that I here had to do not with detached facts, but with a great combination of facts, and I perceived, with ever-increasing clearness, that this again was

can never be brought about from above, from the standpoint of comprised in an endlessly ramified combination connected with our whole political and social system. While reflecting upon the possibility of a thorough change in our theatrical system, I was driven, quite as a matter of course, fully to recognize the utter worthlessness of our political and social system, which could not possibly presuppose any other public system of art, than the very system attacked by me.

The recognition of this fact was decisive in its influence upon my entire further life-development.

I had never, properly speaking, taken any part in politics. I now recollect that I devoted particular attention to the events of the political world only in proportion as the spirit of revolution was revealed in them, namely: as genuine human nature revolted against politico-juristic formalism; viewed in this light, a criminal case possessed for me the interest of a political action. I could never espouse the cause of any but him who suffered, my zeal depending exactly on his opposition to any act of oppression; I was never able to abandon this partisanship in favour of any politically constructive notion whatever. My participation in the events of the political world had, therefore, been only of an artistic nature in so far that, under their formal utterance, I looked at their purely human purport; it was not till I succeeded in divesting them of this formal factor, as fashioned out of juristically-traditional legal points, and in coming upon the pith of their purport, as something purely human, that they could enlist my sympathy in any degree; for I saw here exactly the same urgent motive which had driven me as an artistic being out of the bad sensual form of the Present, and caused me to achieve a new sensual configuration, corresponding to genuine human nature,—a configuration to be achieved only by the annihilation of the sensual form of the Present, that is by Revolution.

Thus, starting from my artistic point of view, that is, from thinking, as I have already described, on the re-modelling of the stage,* I went on till I was completely in a position to acknowledge the necessity of the Revolution which broke out in 1848.—The politically formal direction, in which the movement first flowed—especially in Germany—did not deceive me as to the true nature of the Revolution; yet I at first held aloof from any participation in it. I succeeded in working out a comprehensive plan for the reorganization of the stage, in order to come forward well-prepared, when the revolutionary question reached that institution. It did not escape my notice that, when the economy of the State was reorganized, as it evidently would be, the object of the subsidy granted to the Theatre would be subjected to painful criticism; when it came to this, and when, as was to be foreseen, people understood that no public benefit was derived from the expenditure incurred, my plan was to be brought forward. It first owned that the system was useless and purportless, not only from the point of view of political economy, but, moreover, from that of the interest of pure art; I then intended that it should propound the real object of theatrical art in civilized society, and the necessity of providing the means necessary for such an object. I intended these considerations for those persons who, with just indignation, saw in the theatre, as *hitherto* conducted, a useless, or even injurious public institution.

All this was done on the supposition of the peaceable solution of the questions in debate—questions which were reformatory rather than revolutionary—and of the serious will, from above to below, to carry out personally the actual reform. The course of political events soon taught me another lesson; Reaction and Revolution stood, naked, face to face, and it was evidently necessary to go back to the old system entirely, or to break with it entirely. The fact of my perceiving the utter obscurity in which both of the contending parties were involved as to the nature and real purport of the Revolution, caused me one day to come forward myself and protest against a mere politically formal conception of it, as well as to pronounce for the necessity of looking fairly and steadily at the purely human element forming its core. In the results of this step, I first perceived plainly how matters stood with our politicians as regards their knowledge of the spirit of the Revolution, and I saw that a real revolution

* I purposely bring this prominently forward, however absurd it may be considered by those who amused themselves at my expense, and ridiculed me as being: "revolutionary for the benefit of the stage."

acquired intelligence, but only from below, out of the impetus of purely human requirements. The lying and hypocrisy of political parties filled me with loathing, the first effect of which was to drive me back again into the most complete retirement.

Now once more my unsatisfied impulse outwards consumed itself in fresh artistic notions.—Two such notions, which had long engaged my thoughts, presented themselves to me almost simultaneously, though, from the peculiarity of their purport, they were hardly regarded by me as more than one. While I was still engaged in carrying out musically *Lohengrin*, when I always felt as though I was in an oasis in the desert, both stories took possession of my poetic fancy; they were: *Siegfried* and *Frederick Barbarossa*.

Once more, and for the last time, myth and history were arrayed against each other, even forcing me to a decision as to whether I should write a musical drama, or a recited play. I have reserved for this place the task of speaking at some length of the conflict at the bottom of all this, because it was by this means that I arrived at a definite solution, and, consequently, at the consciousness, of the nature of the question.

(To be continued.)

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

The representation of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* on Monday was, generally speaking, an improvement upon the opening night. This time it could not be said that the artists had forgotten, or never learnt, their parts; nor did nervousness effect the result to any appreciable extent. The orchestra and chorus, moreover, gave additional satisfaction, though the one needs its "strings" increased, and the other its native energy subdued, in order to become all that the fastidious desire. Little fault could be found with the *mise-en-scène*; the dresses were new and tasteful; and, as Balfe's popular, if commonplace, music was rendered with all the confidence inspired by familiarity, it was no wonder that the audience became lavish with their applause. But these things, though essentially important, count for little with the public. Operatic interest is, in the main, personal; and, if there be not attractive artists on the stage, there is small chance of a crowd in front. Happily for Balfe's best known work, its heroine was impersonated by an artist whose attraction all must have felt. As Arline, Miss Rose Hersee more than confirmed the good impression she made as Elvira in *The Rose of Castile*. Less nervous, she sang with added fluency and precision; while her rendering of the sentimental music in which the part abounds showed that she is as proficient in natural expression as in the tricks of a mere vocalist. Miss Hersee was compelled to repeat "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and her more prominent efforts were invariably received with marked applause. Much of her power over the audience was due, however, to acting of a far higher order than is common on the operatic stage. Always doing something, and that the right thing at the right time, in a natural and winning way, Miss Hersee never allowed the stage to become uninteresting. Her share of the dialogue, moreover, was delivered with a clearness of enunciation, and an absence of stage mannerism, which materially aided the effect of her appearance and bearing. That she will be the chief attraction of the season is not only probable, but right. As the Gipsy Queen, Miss Palmer showed how far provincial experience had given her confidence upon the stage. She played the part by no means in the style of a novice, and sang the interpolated ballad, "Tis gone; the past was all a dream," with her well-known taste. Of Miss Palmer's value to the company there can be no doubt. Mr. Temple was an amusing Devilshoof—erring, if at all, on the side of over-zeal; but the humour of Mr. Stanton, as Florestin, struck the audience less than the gorgeousness of his attire. The parts of Thaddeus and Count Arnheim were respectively filled by Mr. Nordblom, the Swedish tenor—to whom reference has already been made—and Mr. Maybrick, a bass previously known only in the concert-room. Having long held the post of first tenor in America, it was not surprising to find Mr. Nordblom at home on the stage, and acting with much propriety, as well as at times with a great deal of quiet power. As a singer he needs only to guard against forcing his voice in order to win the unstinted applause of his audience. This was proved throughout the opera; but most clearly in "When other lips," the second verse of which, irreproachably given, had to be repeated. Indulgence must, of course, be shown to Mr. Maybrick, who, when least conscious of his novel position, displayed ability sufficient to warrant perseverance in the course upon which he has entered. We should add that the violin solo prelude to the last act was well played by Mr. Burnett, the orchestral *chef d'attaque*, and deserved the round of applause it elicited. *The Rose of Castile* was repeated on Tuesday, and again on Wednesday morning, but Wednesday night was devoted to "opera in English," the work chosen being Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Madame Florence Lancia as the heroine. Madame Lancia is far too well known an artist to require much notice here. As might

have been expected, she sang with fluency and skill, while her acting, notably in the contract scene, was marked by a force and propriety deserving high praise. Excepting Mr. Nordblom, who, though unwell, delivered Edgar's famous malediction with startling energy; and Mr. Temple (Raymond), the other artists were novices pure and simple. Miss Cressy (Alice) did her modest work in modest style; Mr. Gordon (Arthur) was no worse than the average Italian representative of that would-be bridegroom; Mr. Hillier (Norman) will perhaps feel more comfortable by-and-bye; while the courage which prompted Mr. Clive Hersee to attack the formidable role of Henry Ashton may lead him on to higher and higher things. Not a word would we say to discourage these young beginners. Of course, it is a pity that their training needs to go on in public; but the public must submit if they would have native artists on the national stage.

St. James's Theatre, opened for English Opera last Saturday night, might furnish the text of a discourse upon that peculiarity of human nature which makes "all men think all men mortal but themselves." The muse to which the West-end house is now devoted—a muse of the 'Double-headed Nightingale' order, half English opera, half opera in English—is a dangerous siren. Her path can be traced by the wrecked hopes and ruined fortunes of those who have trusted in her; and such is her bad repute, that men shrug their shoulders pityingly when told that she has made another captive. Yet rarely does more than a short time elapse after one catastrophe before another is in train. Each candidate for success has faith in his luck, or in some wonder-working talisman, or in his managerial shrewdness—always something appears to justify a hope of escaping the common fate. Admirable weakness—perhaps we should call it strength—for to it, if ever our national lyric stage rises out of ruin, will the result be due. Unhappily every succeeding failure makes such a result less likely; while the effect of past experiences may be seen in the hopelessness with which the public look upon efforts to attain it. All the more should those who take a lively interest in English opera support the enterprise just inaugurated. We know that to do so is neither easy nor thankful. Public opinion, especially the opinion of influential classes, is dead against English opera. It has become the 'correct thing' to sneer at the entertainment, to decry English operatic artists, without much discernment of the merit that is in them, and to regard the dramatic works of native composers, as fit only for unfashionable tastes. Though regrettable, this is not surprising. English opera has fallen into the mud, and the unsympathising crowd naturally give it a wide berth. But surely, the end need not be thus. The darkest hour is that before the dawn; and, in this case, the hour is so dark that the dawn must shortly come. Whether we see its first flush in the opening of St. James's Theatre time will show; but, at any rate, it is possible to regard the event with hope.

The prospectus of the 'Royal National Opera Company' is so modest a document that we trust its modesty is extreme, and that much remains to be told. The directors, willing, no doubt, to avoid increasing the broken promises with which all operatic ways are strewn, shrink from announcing the new or unfamiliar works they have in store, and meanwhile, are content to say, what needed no saying, that their repertoire includes *The Rose of Castile*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Lurline* and *Marianna*, with *Guy Mannering* and *The Lily of Killarney*. One other English work is named—Sir W. Stendal Bennett's *May Queen*—but unfortunately that is not an opera, and its announcement will merely excite curiosity as to the stage adaptation. In the department of 'Opera in English' we find a list of familiar names, with Mendelssohn's 'Son and Stranger' as a comparative novelty. The directors, it must be hoped, will draw upon that list to as small an extent as possible. Their *raison d'être* has nothing whatever to do with necessarily unsatisfactory performances of *Lucia* and *La Sonnambula*. Turning to the engagements, we find the Crystal Palace opera represented by Miss Blanche Cole, Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Temple; while from the general body of available artists—a limited one, unfortunately—have been chosen Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Emmett, Miss Janet Haydon, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Nordblom, Gordon, Stanton, Parkinson, Maybrick, Sandeman, Wilnot, Macauley, Distin, Clive Hersee, and Sims Reeves. The openings for merit in English opera being few, it may prove little against some of these artists to state that they are names only; and the same cause operates to check the feeling of approval which might arise were their actual worth known. Adding that Mr. Sidney Naylor is the conductor, and that Sir Julius Benedict has promised his valuable co-operation, so far as his own works are concerned, it remains only to express a hope that the directors will find themselves strong enough to make head against the indifference with which their earlier efforts will assuredly be received."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The small modicum of success which has hitherto attended English opera in London is sufficient to account for the apathy and caution of those persons who are regarded as its *fides achates*, or acknowledged champions. The establishment of a real national opera has long been a leading idea with English musicians, but at the right moment few have been found willing to sink their differences and unite their energies in order to accomplish so desirable an object. Moreover, fashion, which is a powerful lever in this country, has not seconded the project, for although it is considered *haut ton* to patronise French plays without reference to their tendencies, and Italian

operas without caring how weak and insipid is the music, it is still regarded as plebeian to take an interest in native talent, or be seen at an English opera performance. The break-up of the Pyne and Harrison company, and the break-down of the so-called National Opera Association, have also operated to discourage further attempts to establish English opera on a sure basis, although it requires now but little acumen to perceive that many of the arrangements of these associations were such as to ensure failures rather than command success. Experience in management could not compensate for loss of vocal powers, when the office of director and first tenor was united, as was the case in one company, whilst it is plain that no performances could be remunerative when the mere cost of gas for lighting a theatre was allowed to reach the enormous sum of £90 a week, as was the case under the management of the National Opera Association. Just now some encouragement seems to be held out to a new scheme by the success of the Crystal Palace Opera performances, whilst the welcome arrival of a young and promising artist, from a very successful tour in the United States, points to the present as a favourable time for carrying it out.—*Standard*.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

A new effort at the establishment of a national opera was commenced at this house on Saturday night. Among the causes of failure in former schemes was probably the attempt to rely too much on the attractions of native compositions; dramatic genius in music being, to speak mildly, rare among British composers, whatever may be their powers in other forms of composition. The most popular of all the recent producers of English operas, the late Mr. Balfe, was too imitative of the French and Italian styles; and wrought too hastily, and sometimes carelessly, to attain more than temporary favour, and that only for a few of his numerous productions—the first remark applying equally to his contemporary, Vincent Wallace, who, however, bestowed greater care and finish on his fewer productions. There was more of national style in the music of Bishop, but that composer had not the grasp of form and construction, and the command of combinations requisite in opera properly so called. From Mr. John Barnett much might have been hoped. The popularity of his *Mountain Sylph* (produced at the Lyceum Theatre in 1834) should have led to more than his two subsequent operas, *Fair Rosamond* and *Farnelli*; in both of which latter were indications of a distinct English style that was not so apparent in the first-named work, with its large reflections of Mozart, Spohr, and Weber. Of his latest stage-work, *Kathleen*, said to be his best by those who have heard it in private—we are unable to speak, as it was never produced or published; although, we believe, long since engraved. It is useless to talk of a school of English dramatic music until we find some symptoms of a train of independent and original thought among our composers. The want of opportunity has been the plea urged for the non-existence of a distinct school of English stage music; but this can scarcely hold, since, had dramatic genius existed among our musicians of the day, it would surely have manifested itself during the various seasons of so-called English opera that we have had within recent years, whereas, of the works produced, most were egregious failures, and the very names of some are justly sunk in oblivion. Failing the supply from home sources, then, recourse must be had to the best productions of the past, with a large admixture of adaptations of foreign operas; and this is the plan adopted by the directors of the "Royal National Opera," who have fixed on some masterpieces that might, perhaps, more judiciously have been omitted, since they are in frequent course of hearing during our season of Italian opera performances.—*Daily News*.

The programme put forth by the directors of the National Opera Company is one with which nearly every one will feel great sympathy. Aware that 'the growth of musical culture' has been of late very rapid, and regretting that the English are 'the only European nation of importance which welcomes foreign music and foreign artists, and neglects its own,' they have determined to establish a National Opera, in which English music will have a very prominent place, and where English artists will have opportunities at present denied them of making a name with the public. If they can succeed in encouraging native talent and in stimulating native composition, they will certainly deserve our thanks. Their attempt seems to have met with considerable sympathy from more than one of our most famous composers. Sir Julius Benedict has promised to conduct a performance of his own works, and Sir W. Sterndale Bennett has allowed the production of his cantata, *The May Queen*. The National Opera Company have no intention of confining themselves to the performance of English music. On Saturday night they opened the season with Balfe's opera, *The Rose of Castile*. Although this is by no means one of that popular composer's best productions, it is so full of bright lively airs, that if only a soprano be found equal to the part of Elvira, it is sure to be a successful piece.—*Echo*.

Andrew Fletcher wrote some two hundred years ago: "I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Happily the "very wise man" was not permitted to be the ballad-monger of his age. Equally happy would it have been had a very intelligent lady not acted upon her own belief that the National Opera will have an abiding place at the St. James's

Theatre. If the English opera is ever to have a place in this country for the sake of its past, it can only be by having a perfect combination of the best native talent; added to which, the artistes themselves must sink all petty jealousies, and act together for the common cause; then, and only then, can we hope to have a successful National Opera. *The Rose of Castile*, certainly not one of Balfe's best productions, was performed on Saturday night. Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Palmer, and Mr. George Perren were the native artists, the others were settlers. Miss Hersee, although too ambitious, sang with brilliancy, though not as correctly as might have been expected. Miss Palmer, so well esteemed in oratorios and in the concert-room, sang the only ballad she had to sing perfectly. Mr. George Perren was encored. I do not know whether an alteration in this gentleman's dress would take from his singing, but it would certainly improve his appearance. The performance, as a whole, was anything but happy. It was cold and hearsey, although it appeared not to have been properly rehearsed. One word for the conductor, Mr. Sidney Naylor, who performed his very arduous task most admirably.—*Hornet*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Always early in the field, the Crystal Palace managers opened the musical winter season on Saturday with one of those performances which, in England at least, have not their equal. Before noticing what was done, and the fashion of its doing, some cognate matters require attention. In the first place, the concert-room has been made worthy of the object to which it is devoted. No art can give it beauty; but art has at last done something in the direction of comeliness and comfort. The result is satisfactory, and will not be lost upon audiences none the less—perhaps all the more—sensitive to ugliness and draughts because they can appreciate a Beethoven symphony. Apart from ornamentation, which is lavishly bestowed, the chief improvements are a change in the manner of lighting, a re-arrangement of the gallery seats, so as to give every visitor a clear view of the performers, and a careful screening of the various entrances against currents of air. In making the outlay necessary for such alterations, the directors have shown, what may otherwise have been doubted, that they properly estimate the value of the concert-room as an integral part of their establishment.

The season just entered upon will consist, like its predecessors, of twenty-six concerts; the twelve ante-Christmas programmes being mainly set apart for a performance, in chronological order, of Mendelssohn's chief works. In view of this arrangement, amateurs are likely to find themselves balanced between approval and disapproval, with a tendency, if anything, towards the latter. On the one hand, an opportunity of tracing the growth of so fascinating a genius as Mendelssohn's, and of hearing his music adequately rendered, cannot but be welcome. On the other, it is impossible not to feel that the Crystal Palace Concerts, with their unique resources, might be better employed in doing pioneer's work than in acting as guide along a beaten and familiar path. Further, there is just enough of truth in the charge often brought against English musicians—that they have filled up the niches in a small Walhalla of musical heroes, and locked all the doors—to make us careful against giving further provocation. We should, therefore, have been better pleased had the managers taken in hand some less known composer than Mendelssohn the Beloved; but even as it is, we are pleased. There must be satisfaction in the prospect of some twenty-four hours with the brilliant genius who closed the era of great musicians. The principal works announced, in addition to those exclusively for the orchestra, are the *Walpurgis Night*, the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Loreley* fragment, the *Lobgesang* and *Elijah*. Why not *St. Paul* also, a composition at least as representative as any of the foregoing, and exceeding most of them in value? The prospectus further promises an orchestral work "of large dimensions" for stringed instruments alone. This will be brought forward by special permission of Mendelssohn's representatives, who may anticipate a challenge to show cause why it did not see the light twenty years ago. Outside the Mendelssohn repertory, the directors announce a MS. symphony by Schubert, whose fame already owes so much to the Crystal Palace; as well as new works by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett and Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. Such are the salient features of a scheme at which, if any one grumble, it must be in a mood of half-content.—*Daily Telegraph*.

With regard to the plan of treating Mendelssohn's works like those of Beethoven, it is open to the objection that Mendelssohn's life had no resemblance to that of Beethoven. Mendelssohn's genius blossomed so early and so fruitfully that it quickly destroyed the stem upon which it was grafted. Beethoven's genius, on the other hand, took a long season to mature, and was stronger if not brighter in proportion; and although the Bonn musician did not attain a ripe old age, he passed from youth to middle age, not without infirmities, it is true, but without receiving any check in his intellectual development. When ultimately Beethoven's frame became a victim to disease, the mind lent strength to the body, and actually retarded its decay, whilst with Mendelssohn the overworked brain quickly drained the very foundation of his life. Beethoven's styles are acknowledged to be threefold. The study of them is very interesting, and cannot be better followed than by listening to consecutive performances of his works and marking the gradual ripening of those powers and the growth of those glorious ideas which result in the ninth symphony. But Mendelssohn had but one style, though his mannerism was sometimes greater than at others

Experience enabled him to use his ideas to more and more advantage, but his mentality did not increase in any remarkable way as he progressed in years, nor can it be said that the music of *Elijah*, grand and elevating as it is, displays greater capacity than that to a *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The advantages of giving his works chronologically are, therefore, we think, not so great as those resulting from this plan applied to Beethoven's works. Be this as it may, the public are sure to be pleased with the series of concerts inaugurated last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, and that is one of the great points to be attained.—*Standard*.

CHORAL FESTIVALS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The great autumn choral gathering of the metropolitan schools took place on Wednesday week at the Crystal Palace, when five thousand choristers assembled on the Handel orchestra, and responded to the baton of Mr. G. W. Martin, their conductor, with a skill and readiness which cannot be too highly commended. As if publicly to test the capabilities of the vocalists, as well as to exhibit their agreeable voices and correct intonation in various ways, Mr. Martin did not confine his programme to one class of works, but selected some of a sacred and others of a secular character. As sacred compositions, he introduced the Old Hundredth Psalm, the chorale, "Come sound His praise abroad," "Sweetly the Sabbath Bell," "Hark, the Vesper Hymn is Stealing," and a chorale of his own composition, entitled "Once more before we part;" whilst among the secular pieces were included Stafford Smith's glee, "When the Evening Sun," the Echo chorus, from Locke's *Macbeth* music, the round, "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky," and the part song, "The Campbells are Comin'." These latter pieces not only afforded an agreeable relief in style to the former, but also showed in a very satisfactory manner the liberal system of musical training the choirs have enjoyed. There were two or three encores, whilst the Echo chorus from Locke's *Macbeth* music, being particularly well sung, elicited very strong tokens of approval from the audience, and seemed to be the favourite *morceau*. In order to render the choral meeting still more attractive, and give the choir a little breathing time between their numerous pieces, the services of a few well-known artists were called into requisition. In the first part of the concert, Miss Matilda Scott, late of the London Academy of Music, the charming soprano whose excellent singing of the principal airs in the oratorios of the *Messiah* and *Creation* at the Royal Albert Hall performances of the past season is familiar to the public, gave the fine air from *Samson*, "Let the bright Seraphim," with such thrilling effect and brilliancy as to excite the audience to demand its repetition. Miss Scott, however, merely acknowledged the compliment by reappearing in the orchestra and bowing her thanks. The trumpet accompaniment was played by Mr. T. Harper in his own inimitable manner, and aided considerably the delightful effect produced. A solo on the euphonium was contributed by Mr. A. Phases, the clever performer on that instrument; a duo for euphonium and cornet was added on airs from *Il Semiramide*, Mr. Welmore playing the cornet, and Mr. T. Harper again appeared and played some variations on the air "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," much to the delight of his listeners. The festival (for so it may be called) was a complete success, and Mr. G. W. Martin may be congratulated on the result of his untiring exertions to improve the part singing of our metropolitan schools.

On Wednesday afternoon the Tonic Sol-Fa Association gave a grand concert, under the direction of Messrs. Sarll and Proudman. The choir, consisting of about 4,000 voices, was composed almost exclusively of pupils of the evening classes of the Association, all of whom, after undergoing a personal examination, had received a certificate of proficiency in the system. The entertainment commenced with a performance on the Handel organ by Mr. James Coward. The National Anthem was then sung, accompanied by the Palace band, and a number of selections from eminent composers, including Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Auber, Benedict, Spohr, Sullivan, &c., were very creditably and tastefully rendered. We may mention, as deserving particular praise, the chorus, "He gave them hailstones," from *Israel in Egypt*, sung very effectively, and nothing but a repetition of which would satisfy the applauding audience; "O be joyful," from Haydn's *First Mass*; the "Market Chorus," from *Marcellino*; and a patriotic song, entitled "England," by J. L. Hatton, which was enthusiastically received and encored.

MILAN.—A new ballet, or rather *Divertimento danzante*, by Signor Penco, has been produced at the Scala. It is nothing very particular, but it affords Signora Pochini two or three opportunities of exhibiting her talent to great advantage.

NAPLES.—*Gli Esiliati in Siberia*, an old opera by Donizetti, was revived lately at the Teatro Nuovo with decided success.—At the Teatro Vittoria, Signora Mary Brown has made a great hit in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Signora Mary Brown does not, if we eliminate the Signora, sound like an Italian name.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Contrary to my last account, *Il Flauto Magico* was not repeated on the last night of the season, as announced, *Oberon* being given in its stead, and, on the whole, a more wretched performance of this grand opera was never seen. It was literally thrown on the stage, and had evidently not been sufficiently rehearsed. Mme. Tietjens as Reiza, and Trebelli-Bettini as Fatima, were everything that could be desired; but the distribution of the other parts was not equally judicious. Signor Vizzani as Sir Huon was decidedly overweighted; and a Signor Tesseman, who went on for the part of Oberon, was simply nowhere, and looked more like Old Father Thames than Oberon, King of Fairyland. This gentleman has neither the voice nor figure for such a part, and most of the music was transposed to suit him. Amongst the eccentricities which marked his performance may be mentioned the fact that he beat the time with his feet during his songs and concerted pieces. It would be much better for Mr. Mapleson to leave such operas out of his provincial *répertoire* unless they can be at least decently cast.

A grand morning concert was given on Friday morning last, in the Exhibition Palace, by Mr. Mapleson's talented opera troupe, and drew a crowded and fashionable audience, many families from the surrounding country availing themselves of the rich treat provided for them. The programme, as usual on such occasions, consisted of the most popular pieces of the Italian opera *répertoire*, and the encores were numerous. The artists taking part in the concert were—Mdlles. Tietjens, Marimon, Ilma di Murska, Trebelli-Bettini, Fernandez, and Colombo; Signori Vizzani, Tesseman, Agnesi, Foli, Caravoglia, Stefano, and Mr. Wilford Morgan, with Signor Tito Mattei as solo pianist, and Signor Li Calsi as conductor. There were but two English songs in the entire programme—"The Two Roses," by Mr. Cowen, and "My Sweetheart when a Boy," by Mr. Wilford Morgan; the first sung by Mdlle. Fernandez, and the latter sung and accompanied by its composer.

BELFAST.

A new theatre of charming design has been erected here at a cost of £13,000, and was opened for the first time on the 25th ult., with the usual stock company; but the enterprising manager, Mr. Warden, having made up his mind to give his patrons the best of everything, entered into an engagement with Mr. Mapleson, the director of Her Majesty's Opera, for five representations of grand Italian opera by the talented troupe of artists under his direction. The first of these representations was given on Monday evening to a large and appreciative audience. *Il Trovatore* was the opera given, with Mdlles. Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Prudenza, Mendioroz, and Foli, in the chief parts. The performance was a great success. On Tuesday *Faust* was announced, but at the last moment *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was substituted, with Trebelli as Rosina; Vizzani, Count; Mendioroz, Figaro; Foli, Basilio; and Zoboli, Bartolo. For the remaining nights we are promised *Fidelio*, *Lucia*, and *Don Giovanni*.

LEIPZIG.—The first Gewandhaus Concert of the season was to be given on the 5th inst.—Encouraged by the success of the "Mozart Performances," the manager of the Stadtheater has determined to give a series of "Wagner Performances" on the same plan.—Madame Lucca has played a short engagement of three nights, and the management netted six thousand thalers. Her great success was Selica in *L'Africaine*. The other parts selected by her were Zerlina in *Don Juan*, and Cherubin in *Le Nozze*, but the general complaint is that, by her lamentable little caprices, she marred their effect.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Prince Galitzin is about to proceed to New York with an operatic company, for the purpose of performing Russian operas. Among the works to be produced is Glinka's *Life for the Czar*.—The two brightest stars in the Russian operatic firmament, namely: Mesdilles. Lawrowski and Lewizki (the former of whom, by the way, is not a Mademoiselle at all, but a real Russian Princess, as already announced in the columns of the *Musical World*), will shortly re-appear.—The season at the Italian Opera will, most probably, open with *Der Freischütz*. The first *prima donna* on the list for active service is Madame Artôt. Sig. Merelli, the manager, is expected every day.—A separate operatic class, with a permanent theatre, is to be formed at the Conservatory of Music.

A CHORUS OF GRIEVANCES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In a criticism on the performance of the *Stabat Mater* at Covent Garden Theatre last Friday, it is stated that the chorus was wanting in power and efficiency; and, by a *suppression veri*, that the verdict of the immense audience present upon the occasion was in accordance with your own. The suppression I refer to is that of the fact of the "*Eia Mater*," an unaccompanied chorus, gaining a genuine encore; the only one, if I remember rightly, during the whole performance.

An adverse criticism, such as this, is calculated to add to the difficulties that a poor chorister has to fight against in these times, and which a generous press might, by exposing, remedy.

A chorus singer's pay may be regarded as averaging 30s. per week. For this he must devote his days to rehearsals and his nights to performances; and, if he is engaged in operas, he must give up the time not spent in the theatre to the learning of them by heart. If a piece is not a success, and expenses have to be cut down, the chorus is reduced either in numbers or salary; and if the piece is a success, the chances are that the managers say, "Oh, the thing is bound to go, even with less people;" so again the chorister comes to grief. Then, again, during the last few years so many foreign singers have come to London, that English choristers are almost totally excluded from both opera-houses.

There exists, too, in our profession an anomaly, that I think exists in no other—namely, that the number of persons willing to do the work of it for nothing is already enormous, and is daily increasing. I refer, of course, to amateur chorus singers. These people, many of them in excellent positions in life, must know that they are keeping poor professional choristers out of employment; and for what? Nothing. For grand concerts and oratorios our services are not required now. Why? Because amateurs will sing for nothing. If they have vocal ability, would it not be better for them to employ their evening's leisure in giving the benefit of their sweet voices to their own family circle? Or, if they must appear in public, let their associations, unions, choirs, &c., hire buildings and admit the public free; or, if charges are made, let the proceeds be handed over to some charity. All that I plead for is that they would not sing gratuitously for managers of places of public amusements, thereby doing an injury to the profession. I do not envy the conscience of the man who, for no gain to himself or family, interferes with the living of

A POOR PRO.

Brompton, Sept. 27.

MR. SIMS REEVES IN GLASGOW.

The announcement that Mr. Reeves would make his appearance last Saturday evening drew together an audience crowding the City Hall to excess. Indeed we cannot remember ever having before seen the hall so overtaxed. When it is said that Mr. Reeves was in magnificent voice—we certainly never heard him in finer—and that he was unsparing in his use of it, an idea may be conceived of the great treat enjoyed by the immense audience.

Mr. Reeves first gave a song, "*Anita*," by Brinley Richards. This ballad, as the programme explained, is founded on a sad incident in Garibaldi's life. Garibaldi had his wife Anita in company with him during his retreat across the Apennines. Anita on the way died from exhaustion. The bereaved husband, in the hurry of flight, was forced to tear himself from her remains, leaving them to be buried by the peasantry of the district. It is impossible to describe how vividly the great tenor brought this scene before his audience. He made of it a perfect picture. The culminating interest of the song lay in the last line of each verse, which of itself as rendered on Saturday was a little history.

"Anita, Anita, heaven is thy only home."

The burst of passion on the first Anita proclaimed the burning love within, which could not bear the thought of separation from its object; the sudden subduing of tone on the second Anita attested the lover's resignation to his fate; whilst the calm religious sentiment breathed into the concluding words, "*Heaven is thy only home*," was full of hope for the future. It is by such masterly touches as these, not seen but felt by a general audience, that the artist commands the sympathy of his hearers. At the end of the song he was called back and lustily cheered. After his singing of "*The last rose of summer*," the applause and cheering continued so long that Mr. Reeves was induced to give the ever charming "*Maud*," who on Saturday evening appeared as young, as fresh, and as fascinating as ever. "*The Bay of Biscay*" electrified the whole house, and seldom has such an ovation been seen as that received by Mr. Reeves at the conclusion of this popular song. He made a bold but ineffectual attempt to outbow the cheering. It continued after he had left the platform.

The opera recital of *Lucia*, which has been for some time announced, was given on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Reeves sang the whole of Edgardo's music.

MASSES AT THEATRE-CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—An earnest and ever increasing opposition, both lay and clerical, has been made to the performance of *sacred* music in a *sacred* building; imperilling thereby the existence of those delightful "*Three Choir Festivals*." A wealthy nobleman has even tried the force of bribes to Deans and Chapters to prevent their recurrence. Oh! that I could ask that peer for his influence, so potent in theatres, if not in churches, to aid in prohibiting the service of our holy religion being performed to "*promenaders*." If I cannot reach his lordly ear, may I beg of you to record my indignant protest against this profanation? I do so without one word in detraction of the series of Covent Garden Theatre Concerts, at which I have often attended with profitable enjoyment, and whose success, I gladly own, has been fairly deserved. I would only beg to express my mournful feelings and painful impressions on hearing the solemn ritual of the Church—those passages of awful mystery, and words pregnant with the sublimities of religious hope and faith—performed to a talking and walking crowd in a theatre. Surely the conductors must have abundance of programme materials without pilfering from the Sanctuary. Does not the wide universe and the boundless fields of imagination provide them sufficiently with themes, without violating and making merchandise of the contents of the "*Holy of Holies*?" Often I have enjoyed oratorios at theatres, in spite of a qualm of conscience as to appropriateness of place; but those compositions are nearly all musical sacred dramas, illustrating human passions, and replete with life incidents. Far different are those forms of prayer and worship consecrated for ages as the means for poor humanity to hold communion with his God. Parables and dramas may teach religious truths, as the rainbow reflects celestial hues; but the prayers of our ritual are the accredited messengers we send direct to Heaven's throne; to use them in paltry traffic, or sensual enjoyment, or volatile pleasure, is rank sacrilege.

It may, with some justice, be said, that we also have robbed the theatre of its *properties*; that the Church has musically clothed her heavenly messengers in *sock and buskin*, and even in the buffoon's *motley*. Alas! it is too true. The Church reeks of the fumes of the Theatre; her music too often smells of the foot-lights; its accents are as sensuous, its forms as secular, and its themes as trivial, as the burdens sang on the lyric stage. Nor can I exempt the great Mozart from being to blame in secularizing church music. In spite of my early affection for the Twelfth Mass—it was my first love—I cannot now but feel it is too worldly, too full of smiles, when there should be naught but tears; and rollicking in gaiety, when it should be subdued by grave solemnity. True it is, as simple and absolute music, it is altogether lovely; but musical flowers, however charming, make but poor spiritual food, and should not entirely cover up the ground-work of our solemn ritual. My beloved Mozart has often used the prayers as a mere frame for his decorative powers; he came direct from the theatre, and with the same art-implements worked for the church; his *manager* was as much venerated as his *archbishop*, and the music written at the command of the priest was too often but the surplus of the opera. Much of the Twelfth Mass could as readily be adopted to appropriate secular subjects, as a Mr. Pratt arranged portions for anthems for the Anglican Church. I would not have destroyed one single note the great master ever wrote; but I could, without sorrow, see much of it divorced from their sacred words. The hour is approaching when the music of the Church shall shake off her unholy alliance with the theatre. The Archbishop of Westminster is using his influence for this desirable end. Rather to be preferred is the most rugged simplicity, the barrenest of Gregorian tones, than the dainty themes and artificial utterances of our choirs. After sublimity, such as Beethoven reached, pure simplicity must be the most acceptable form. Fashion, and above all, theatrical fashion, should be cast away as an unclean thing; and then we shall not see such a sorry spectacle as our solemn service used as a *draw* by theatrical managers.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MEPHISTO MONK.

The late Mr. Cipriani Potter has left a legacy of £100 to the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOB HILLOCK.—Too true. We cannot remember a single piece of Onslow's ever being performed at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Crystal Palace, too, has utterly neglected him, although the overtures to *L'Alcade de la Vega*, *Le Colporteur*, and *Le Duc de Guise*, were written to be played. So, too, was Lindpaintner's *Joko le Singe de Brésil*, and so was Weber's Chinese *Turandot*.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

A PUBLISHER'S PERILS.

WHEN, last week, we interposed an apologetic shield between our Publisher and M^{de}. Julia Wolff, we accounted him safe, because the thing was done handsomely. He has, however, received a second letter from M^{de}. Wolff's solicitors, which we subjoin:—

10, John Street, Bedford Row,
London, 5th Oct., 1871.

SIR.—Our client, Madame Julia Wolff, is not, nor are we, satisfied with the apology you have inserted in your publication of the 30th ult. You have therein stated that Madame Julia Wolff assured you that her memory did not fail her. She has never made any such assertion. Her memory for a moment did fail her in playing without book; and Mr. Sullivan did place the music before her. But what Madame Wolff complains of is the sweeping and libellous allegation that "she came to speedy and conspicuous grief," which you know to be untrue, her performance having been applauded in the highest degree.

Unless we hear from you by Friday morning next at 11 o'clock that you will insert a proper apology in your next number, to be approved of by us, we shall issue a writ against you.

We remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servants,

EVANS, LAING, & EAGLES.

Mr. Wm. Duncan Davison,
244, Regent Street, W.

Madame Wolff, speaking through her legal representatives last week, denied that she had come to "conspicuous grief;" and as the phrase applied, in our criticism, exclusively to a failure of memory, we took the failure of memory to be exclusively denied. No other charge, indeed, was preferred. Now, M^{de}. Wolff, through her legal representatives, by admitting the "failure of memory," justifies all we intended to convey, and renders our published apology superfluous. We are at a loss to know what further explanation she may require; but if her advisers will draw up a statement which she and they may regard as more suitable to the occasion, we shall be happy to print it in our next issue.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE
PHILIP CIPRIANI HAMBLBY POTTER.

ON Monday the remains of the late Philip Cipriani Hamblby Potter were consigned to their last resting-place in All Soul's Cemetery, Kensal Green. The *cortège* upon arrival at the gates of the cemetery was met by the Rev. Charles Stuart (by whom the service was impressively rendered), and by many friends of the deceased gentleman who were anxious, by their attendance, to pay a last tribute of regard to his memory. The

external coffin was covered with black cloth surmounted by a brass plate, which bore the following inscription:—

Philip Cipriani Hamblby Potter,

Died 26th Sept., 1871.

Aged 78 Years.

The *cortège* consisted of the hearse which bore the late Douglas Jerrold, John Leech, Lord Lyndhurst and other celebrities to the grave, drawn by four horses, together with three mourning carriages and pairs, followed by one private carriage, the offer of several others following being declined.

The mourning coaches contained the following:—

1st coach.—H. C. Potter, Esq.; J. B. Potter, Esq.; Mrs. Dunstan, Mrs. R. H. Potter, Miss E. Potter.

2nd coach.—R. H. Potter, Esq.; J. Thomas, Esq.; Dr. Leadam.

3rd coach.—The family servants.

Amongst those who assembled at the grave to pay the last tribute of respect to the distinguished master were noticed:—Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Charles Bennett, Mr. W. Dorrell, Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. T. M. Mudie, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mr. F. B. Jewson, Mr. Robert Barnett, Dr. Steggall, Mr. Henry C. Lunn, Mr. Stanley Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holmes, Mr. C. E. Stephens, Mr. L. J. Stephens, Mr. John Gill, Herr Pauer, Herr C. Oberthür, Mr. J. Lamborne Cock, Mr. A. O'Leary, Mr. H. R. Eyers, Mr. F. Westlake, Mr. J. W. Davison, Mr. W. Duncan Davison, Mr. H. Regaldi, Mr. G. Hammond, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Kinke, Mr. W. Goodwin, senr., Mr. Goodwin, junr., Signor Ciabatta, the Misses Ferrari, Mr. J. S. Bowley, Herr Lidel, Mr. Richard Mills, and several of the present students of the Royal Academy of Music.

The arrangements for the funeral were entrusted to the care of Messrs. Garstin, of Welbeck Street.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN has composed some music to the *Merchant of Venice* of Shakspeare. There are, in all, five numbers—*Introduction*, *Barcarole*, *Bourrée*, *Grotesque Dance*, *Valse*, and *Finale*—the whole illustrative of the Masque at the end of Act 1. This new music will, in all probability, be first heard at one of the Saturday concerts in the Crystal Palace.

OF all unlikely places, Paris during the first siege was the most unlikely for the production of an important musical novelty. Nevertheless it appears that on the 4th of last December an entirely new scene, written by Meyerbeer for *Les Huguenots*, and cut out at one of the last rehearsals, was performed. This scene, said to be highly dramatic and quite equal to the rest of the opera, from which it was excised with the sole view of bringing the work within something like reasonable dimensions, comprises a "*couvre-feu*," an air for Valentine, and a duet for Valentine and Marcel. Mr. Manns might find a place for it in one of his Saturday concerts.

THE directors of the Royal National Opera have now made possible a more trustworthy estimate of their means than could be formed immediately after the "dress rehearsal" of Saturday night. We assume the existence of public curiosity as to those means; for the coldness with which our lyric stage is regarded springs not a little from affectation. Patriotism may enter into the domain of art; and were English opera a national ornament rather than a national disgrace, we should all make patriotic boast of it. Being what it is, those most interested look at it most askance, though with none the less keen a longing for the advent of better days. The case standing thus, it is specially desirable to avoid creating false hopes on the one hand, or undue despondency on the other. English opera, under present conditions, cannot be satisfactory; neither is it past redemption. To redeem it, however, the public must know that a sacrifice is required; and if, recognising the germs of merit in our artists, English amateurs are not content to endure and to wait, we may give up

the cause of English opera as lost. More important, therefore, than the actual present worth of the representations at St. James's Theatre, is their promise for the future. The first may be small; yet for its smallness the second may amply atone. In sad and sober truth, how can the public look to the directors for much present worth. That those gentlemen have done their best we fully believe; the result being seen in a company made up to a large extent of novices, and headed by an English soprano, who has chiefly gained her experience in America, and by a naturalized Swedish tenor. Truly this beginning is "the day of small things" for native art. But the latest performances encourage a hope that if the directors persevere they may in time cease to be objects of indulgence.

THE opera composed by Verdi for the Viceroy of Egypt seems to be founded on a local and more or less historical subject. It may also possess political significance, inasmuch as it belongs to a period when Egypt was ruled by independent sovereigns. The work is to be ready by December, and to be produced in the course of that month at Cairo. The following is the cast:—King of Egypt, Tomaso Costa; Princess Amneris, Eleonora Grossi; Aida, an Egyptian slave, Antoinetta Pozzoni; Radamis, Captain of the Guard, Pietro Mongini; Amounasse, father of Aida and King of Ethiopia, Francisco Steller; Ramphis, chief of the college of priests, Paola Medini; Termoulis, high priest of the Temple of Vulcan, N. N. Not less mysterious than the mysterious "N. N." ("non nominato"), is the high priest himself, whose business in Egypt in connection with Vulcan is by no means clear.

THE music hall vocalist has reason to be jealous of his rights, and to prosecute with rigour those who attempt to infringe the copyright of the London lyrics the interpretation of which has made him famous. Time was when the "Superlative Sloker" was an institution, when the boardings blazed with his name in capitals, and the barrel-organs ground the refrain to the annoyance of statistical Mr. Babbage. For several years these beings were the idols of the town; they led the fashion in hats, and clothiers were obliged to copy their vagaries to suit their clerkly constituents, whose evening lounge was the music-hall. Of late, however, there has been a falling-off. The champion *comique* does not draw so well, and the phaeton and pair by which he was conveyed from one music-hall to another is discarded. There are worse times in store; the public are capricious, and some years must elapse before the rage for "Champagne Charlie" revives. Under this state of affairs it is hard for an "artiste" to find the printers trying to get the best of him. Mr. Henri Clark, music-hall vocalist of some reputation, brought an action before the Lord Mayor on Saturday, against Mr. Bishop, printer of songs and "light, ephemeral literature," for the infringement of the copyright of "Come to Peckham Rye." The temptation to any young person would not be great; but the Quakeress to whom the invitation is addressed replies:—

"Oh fie!
Is it right to walk after dark
Down at Peckham Rye?"

This song had been purchased by Mr. Clark for £2, and he had refused £10 for it from a musical publisher in Oxford Street. As it was proved that words and singing in costume constituted the value of the song, the jury found a verdict for £10. One witness affirmed that it required no ordinary genius to meet the popular taste in these effusions. We hope the "genius" may disappear altogether, and our great "comiques" find it necessary to betake themselves to other employment.

WE are decidedly of opinion that the Philharmonic Society might do worse than revive one of the symphonies of the late Charles Lucas—if not the Symphony in B flat, which Messrs. Cocks published long ago as a pianoforte duet (arranged by the composer), at all events that in C—a fine composition, as we well remember. Mr. T. M. Mudie has also composed symphonies in B flat, F, and D, to which the actual time of musical productivity can offer but few parallels.

BRESLAU.—Dr. E. F. Baumgart, favourably known as editor of Philip E. Bach's Pianoforte Compositions, died a short time since at Salzbrunn.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—After the usual summer recess, the first of the second half of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's concerts for the present season was given on Tuesday last, and there was no lack of musical attractiveness about the programme. The Hall was crowded in every part. Mdlle. Marie Marimon's second appearance in Liverpool was no doubt a strong element of interest and considerable curiosity, her vocal companions being Mdlle. Fernandez, Signor Tesseman, and Signor Stefano. The *Mercury* says:—

"The performance of the new C minor symphony, the work of Mr. F. H. Cowen, who has not yet seen twenty summers, was certainly the most remarkable feature in the highly-enjoyable programme, and the unusual marks of favour bestowed upon each of the four movements augurs well for the composer's future. Two out of the three numbers given by Mdlle. Marimon—Bellini's *scena* and Ricci's *valse*—were heard at the Mapleson concert a few weeks ago, and therefore little need now be said about their execution. Mdlle. Fernandez rendered her two songs with great care and vocal effectiveness, but Signor Tesseman showed neither soul nor ability in his delivery of the hackneyed romanza from *Luisa Miller*. Signor Stefano's solitary solo showed he has a voice of good quality, and with some improvements in style and more careful management of his organ, he ought to be become popular. The chorus's delight was again in part-songs, the best of which was Macfarren's 'All is still.' Sir Julius Benedict, at his post as conductor, handled the vocal and instrumental forces, as usual, with rare skill and ability."

GLEES AND MADRIGALS

AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE series of concerts in the Royal Albert Hall, by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, during the last month of the exhibition, we are glad to say proved eminently successful the audiences increasing at each successive performance, and testifying their appreciation of this purely English school of music by repeated encores. The acoustic properties of the Albert Hall were satisfactorily demonstrated, the delicate and refined expression for which the Glee and Madrigal Union are famed being conveyed to every part of the vast building. As an example of the zeal and energy displayed by Mr. Land and his able coadjutors, we may mention that the Programme of the series contained upwards of sixty specimens of high class part-music. H. M. Commissioners for the International Exhibition are to be congratulated on their first attempt to popularize our national music, and we trust their endeavours in this direction may be still further carried out next year.

THE license of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, has again been renewed by the Middlesex magistrates.

FLORENCE.—The Pagliano Theatre was to have been opened with Halévy's *Juive*, but, for want of the sinews of war, the intention could not be carried out. It is now proposed to establish a Theatre-Society, with a capital of 50,000 lire, in 500 shares, for the purpose of forwarding the cause of dramatic music, and affording facilities to composers. One of the best theatres is to be taken for three years; a good orchestra engaged; and a school of dramatic singing established.

VIENNA.—Herr R. Wagner is not the only person who has taken the story of the *Nibelungen* as materials on which to exert his inventive and creative powers. Herr Heibel has founded on it a spoken drama. This was performed last week at the Burgtheater. In order to heighten the effect, the management requested Herr Lassen, conductor at the Grand Ducal Theatre, Weimar, to compose some appropriate music. Herr Lassen did so, and, moreover, conducted his music himself on the first night of its performance.—Herr Herbeck has had a very severe attack of illness. For the first two days, grave doubts were entertained of his recovery. At present, however, he is out of danger, though it is impossible to say how long a time must elapse before he is sufficiently recovered to resume his official duties.—The German historian, Gervinus, who died in March last, founded, in conjunction with the musical historian, Herr Chrysander, thirteen years ago, a society, under the patronage of two German sovereigns, for the purpose of publishing Handel's compositions in a form which should put them within the reach of the general public. The enterprise needs only a year or two more to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. But this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, has run some danger of never becoming an established fact. There were a variety of obstacles in the way. Among other things, the indefatigable founder of the Society was dead, and the grant from the Royal Hanoverian Exchequer ceased with the dethronement of King George. But the Society has been fortunate enough to find a well-wisher in the Emperor of Austria, who has just presented the sum of one thousand florins towards its funds.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The sixteenth series of the now famous vocal and instrumental concerts which bring crowds of musical amateurs to the Crystal Palace in the autumn, winter and spring, commenced on Saturday afternoon with an interesting programme. We may say at once that the prospectus issued by Mr. George Grove secretary and manager, is full of promise. As usual, we are to have 26 concerts—12 before and 14 after Christmas. The 12 concerts preceding Christmas are to be devoted principally to the compositions of Mendelssohn, presented, so far as practicable, in chronological order. As there are many pieces of all varieties by this composer with which our musical public is little, if at all, acquainted, the project can only be looked upon with approval, not simply by admirers of Mendelssohn, but by lovers of sterling music generally. It is to be hoped, then, that some of the lesser known, or wholly unknown, works may be features of the concerts in which Mendelssohn is to have a lion's share. Out of the 14 alone a dozen programmes might easily be made. No statement in Mr. Grove's prospectus is more likely to give satisfaction than the following:—

"The directors have the gratification to announce that they have obtained from the representatives of this great composer (Mendelssohn) the exclusive permission to produce an orchestral composition by him for stringed instruments, of large dimensions, which has never yet been performed in public. The work will be produced at one of the concerts before Christmas, and due notice will be given of an event so full of interest to all lovers of music."

The unanimous approval bestowed on each successive composition which the surviving relatives of Mendelssohn have from time to time allowed to be published, or, at any rate, publicly performed, can hardly do otherwise than lead to further concessions. Every scrap of music, even to a "diversion," a "minuet," or an "album relic," from the pens of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven is at this time of looking to the past (a consequence of the present comparative barrenness) assiduously collected, published, and received with gratitude alike by amateurs and professors. All we require to be informed about is, as nearly as possible, the time at which each composition was produced. The missing links in what should be an unbroken and continuous chain are thus supplied, and we are enabled to follow the progress of genius and art-culture step by step. As this reasoning applies to the great masters we have named, it is difficult to understand why it should not equally apply to Mendelssohn—acknowledged by universal assent as the last of the "race of giants." No early work of Mendelssohn's could by any possibility injure his reputation, inasmuch as to expect that a symphony, quartet, or concerto, written in boyhood, could equal the productions of his ripe maturity would be simply absurd. But the case with Mendelssohn, perhaps even more remarkably than that of any of the illustrious musicians we have named, Beethoven alone excepted, is this:—not a single composition from his pen, be it a work of pretension or a mere bagatelle, has on any occasion been brought to light which does not contain much, very much, that not to know would be a loss. We may instance, among the most recent concessions on the part of Mendelssohn's responsible survivors, the eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, the pianoforte sonatas in G minor and B flat, the Preludes and Studies for pianoforte alone, and the Sextet for piano and string instruments—all of which were first introduced to a concert audience by Madame Arabella Goddard. Every one of these was a success, so much so as to encourage further progress in the same direction. About the orchestral works and concerted pieces there need be little apprehension; and no lover of music can look forward with indifference to the time when whatever Mendelssohn has left shall be made universally known.

The concert of Saturday was enough to show how the productions of Mendelssohn's boyhood are stamped by genius and early mastery, how they have already made a mark in the history of art, and are, therefore, destined to survive. We subjoin the programme:—

Selection from the Opera, "The Wedding of Camacho" (MS. 1825)	Mendelssohn.
Capriccio in F sharp minor (Op. 5) Pianoforte solo (1825)	Mendelssohn.
Symphony No. 1, in C minor (Op. 11, 1824)	Mendelssohn.
Capriccio Brillante in B minor (Op. 22) Pianoforte and Orchestra (1832)	Mendelssohn.

From the dates affixed, it will be seen that, with the exception of the last piece, composed at a considerably later period, the music listened to with such undisturbed attention on Saturday was exclusively the work of one who had not yet completed his 16th year. The selection from the opera, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*, the libretto of which was prepared by the late Herr Carl Klingemann, earliest and dearest of Mendelssohn's intimate friends, gave unmixed pleasure. The overture, rarely as it is produced in public, was already familiar to a majority of the audience. The tuneful and thoroughly characteristic ballet music had also once been heard at the Crystal Palace; and it is to be regretted that the whole of it, including the opening "Bridal March," and the dance for Cupid and Plutus, could not have been presented. The vocal pieces, comprising a duet between Quiteria and Basilio (Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Vernon Rigby), an air for Vivaldo (Mr. Rigby), and a grand scene for Quiteria (Madame Rudersdorff), were so charming as to make every amateur long for more. Indeed, judging from the impression created on Saturday, we feel assured that the music to the *Wedding of Camacho* might, at some future Crystal Palace concert, safely be produced without curtailment. The performance, under the direction of Herr Manns, whose appearance on the platform elicited a hearty, general, and well-merited burst of applause, was all that could be wished. The orchestra, in the overture and ballet music, was perfect, and the singing of Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Vernon Rigby left nothing to desire. Madame Rudersdorff's delivery of Quiteria's plaintive air was especially effective.

The pianoforte *capriccio* in F sharp minor, a lengthily developed *scherzo* of the true Mendelssohnian type, which, though a masterpiece in its way, the composer, somewhat affectedly we cannot but think, used to call "*une absurdité*," was played with great fluency and marked accentuation by a rising young pianist, Miss Kate Roberts, who, perhaps with good judgment, took the time considerably slower than Mendelssohn intended, and in fact, which Mendelssohn indicated, by the "*prestissimo*" prefixed to the published editions.

The symphony in C minor, already known to the Crystal Palace audience, was given with the original minuet and trio, in place of the *scherzo* from the stringed *ottet*, which on the occasion of the symphony being first played at the Philharmonic Concerts (in 1829), under the composer's direction, was substituted by Mendelssohn himself, who had abridged it and arranged it for the orchestra. That the original minuet and trio, masterly and beautiful both, the first losing nothing by its strong taste of Mozart, are in much better keeping with the rest of the composition than the interpolated *scherzo*, printed in our English pianoforte adaptation, is unquestionable. The entire symphony was admirably executed, notwithstanding the, perhaps, unduly accelerated pace, which, with less tried and skilled performers than those whom Herr Manns is fortunate in possessing, might in some degree have imperiled the well-going of the whole.

In the familiar *Capriccio Brillante*, for pianoforte and orchestra, Miss Kate Roberts exhibited the same qualities which already in the solo piece had earned for her distinction and applause.

The well-known air, "Parto, ma tu, ben mio," from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, sung with great expression by Madame Rudersdorff, the graceful ballad, "Eily Mavourneen," from Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* (Mr. Vernon Rigby), and the overture to *Der Freischütz*, were the other pieces in the programme. Among the audience on the occasion was Herr Paul Mendelssohn, whose name can hardly be other than familiar to those who have read the published letters of his illustrious brother.

In an appendix to the programme, "G," the intelligent critic and annotator to whom we are all so much indebted, pays a fitting and hearty tribute to the late Mr. Cipriani Potter, whose influence upon the progress of music in this country can hardly be over-estimated. We may here correct one or two errors in the short biographical memoirs which have been published since the death of this distinguished musician. Mr. Cipriani Potter, who made the acquaintance of Beethoven at Vienna, was never at any time a pupil of that great master. Beethoven, in fact, since he left Bonn, to reside perpetually in the Austrian capital, had only one recognized pupil destined to make the art of music a profession; and that pupil, it is scarcely requisite to

add, was Ferdinand Ries. With regard to the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Potter did not, as has been stated, resign the office of "Principal" in 1868 in favour of Sir Sterndale Bennett. He resigned it in 1859, and was succeeded by the late Mr. Charles Lucas, actually Sir Sterndale Bennett's predecessor, who zealously and ably performed the duties of that very responsible post for nine consecutive years.

After the concert, Mr. James Coward, organist to the Crystal Palace, played in the "Handel Orchestra" a selection of pieces by Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Henry Smart, besides an "improvisation," with his accustomed ability. The some-time talked of alterations in the concert hall may be dismissed with the admission that they are in all respects advantageous to the public; and it may be added, without exaggeration, that at the present moment a more comfortable music room, or one more favourable to musical effect, does not exist in England.

The pieces by Mendelssohn announced for to-day's concert are the *Reformation Symphony*, the *Rondo Brillante* in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra (Miss Agnes Zimmermann), the pianoforte *Fantasia* in A minor, Op. 16, and the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Sir Sterndale Bennett's concert-overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, winding up the programme.

"COME TO PECKHAM-RYE."

At the Lord Mayor's Court on Saturday, before the Common Serjeant and a City common jury, Mr. Henri Clark, described as a music-hall vocalist, brought an action against Mr. Bishop, a printer of songs, and what the counsel in the case called "light ephemeral" literature, for the infringement of the copyright of a song entitled "Come to Peckham-rye," descriptive of the courtship of a young Quakeress and her swain. Plaintiff had purchased the song from the author and composer, Mr. Frank Elton, for £2, but £10 had been refused for it from a musical publisher in Oxford-street.

Mr. Kemp, counsel for the defendant, characterised the whole production as arrant nonsense, and quoted one of the stanzas, which ran as follows:—

One day to sister Ruth said I,
"Let us take a walk, sweet love;
Come to Peckham-rye."
She laughing, looked up to my face,
And blushing said "Oh, fie!
Is it right to walk after dark
Down at Peckham-rye?" &c.

It was contended, however, that not only the words, but also the manner of singing in costume, with appropriate gesture, &c., constituted the value of the song to the plaintiff.

One witness said it required no ordinary genius to meet the popular taste in writing these comic effusions; and

Mr. D'Alcorn, musical publisher in Oxford-street, said he had paid thousands of pounds to comic vocalists and composers for the copyright of their very popular productions.

The jury found a verdict for plaintiff for £10.

THE SHAKSPEARE JAHRBUCH.

The foremost papers in this year's Jahrbuch of equal interest to English and German Shakspeare students, are—*On Shakspeare's Humour*, by H. Ulrici,—K. Elze, *On The Merchant of Venice*,—W. Hertzberg's, *On the Sources of the Troilus Legend in its relation to Troilus and Cressida*,—M. Delius's, *On Lodge's Rosalynde and Shakspeare's As You Like It*,—and *Shakspeare the Actor* by Hermann Kurz. The other papers are—*On a New Acting Edition of Macbeth*,—by R. Gericke,—*German Poets in their relation to Shakspeare*, by C. C. Henso,—*How is Shakspeare to be Acted*, by H. Baron von Friesen,—and *The Leading Features of the Tragedy of Hamlet*, by W. König.

Ulrici asserts, correctly enough, that humour is more dramatic than wit, nay, is essentially dramatic, and might have enforced his remark by quoting Schopenhauer *On the Intellect*, and would probably have done so were he not, in other respects, an opponent of that philosopher's theories. Elze enters more minutely than any of his predecessors into a parallel between *The Merchant of Venice* and Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and arrives at the conclusion that the characters of Shylock and Jessica were suggested by the latter piece. The author agrees with Gervinus in declaring the leading idea of *The Merchant of Venice* to be the relation of man to property. It may be necessary to add, that the subject is not treated by Elze in the metaphysical, or misty, style; but his essay combines German thoroughness with a matter-of-fact tenour, and, moreover,

a tolerant spirit. Hertzberg's is, as usual, a most erudite paper, proving by a chain of cogent arguments that Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* is not a conscious parody of the ancient, and, more especially, the Homeric view of life, but rather a romantic picture in which views of classical antiquity are interpolated. Delius's essay is a careful investigation of the source of *As You Like It*. In opposition to Knight and others, he denies that there is any immediate connexion between that play and *The Tale of Gamelyn*, and would ascribe all that seems to be borrowed from that poem to Lodge's *Rosalynde*. I would refer him, however, to the Baudry Edition of Shakspeare for a corroboration of Knight's opinion. W. König's paper on *Hamlet* has not found favour in Bodenstedt's eyes (as I learn from his review of his *Shakspeare Jahrbuch* in the *Augsb. Allgem. Zeit.*); but, with all due deference to his judgment, I must say that, though the paper contains no novel view, it is a very interesting article notwithstanding. The only fault I have to find with it is the quotations from Shakspeare being in German. Surely readers of the *Shakspeare Jahrbuch* must understand the original!

A very important contribution to the Shakspearian literature is a lecture *On Shakspeare's Genius*, by the recently deceased Bogamil Goltz, published, along with two others (on *Childhood, Youth, and Old Age*, and *The German Popular Tale and its Humour*), by O. Janke, Berlin. Here a genius has written about a genius, as will be evident from even the few prefatory lines. With a few strokes of his pen, that original writer, the Jean Paul of our times, has at once brushed away the dust with which the Dryadusts have covered Shakspeare's portrait, and set it before us in the clearest light and boldest relief. Will any English reader, after this, leave Goltz unread?

A PROTEST.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I shall feel greatly obliged if you will allow me space to protest against a literary fraud of which I am the victim, and which I cannot but feel must do a serious injury to whatever reputation my devotion to literature may have won for me in America. For years past certain publishers and newspaper proprietors in that country have been in the habit of foisting on the American public almost any rubbish they could procure as written by me, issuing the same as having been written exclusively for them, or as published from "advanced sheets," supplied by me, or with my approval. None of this matter so ostentatiously given to the world have I either written or seen in any shape whatever until my attention has been called to it when published abroad. I have protested time after time against the imposition, but without effect. The worst offender in the fabrication of this spurious literature is the proprietor of the *New York Sunday Mercury*, who in the issue of that journal for July 30th commences something entitled *Leighton Grange*; or, *Who killed Edith Woodville*, by Miss M. E. Braddon, and who, in the body of the same paper, publishes a short editorial article in the following terms:—"OUR NEW STORY.—No one should fail to read the opening chapters of the new and thrilling story, by Miss M. E. Braddon, entitled *Leighton Grange*, which appears on our first page to-day. The tale abounds in romantic interest, and is full of wonderful incidents of love and peril. It is the finest production that has yet emanated from the pen of the gifted authoress."

Until I saw this *New York Sunday Mercury* for July 30, I never saw this new story commenced therein. I know nothing whatever about it or its author. I am as much perplexed by its being attributed to me as I am perplexed by the persistence of this newspaper in giving to the world, time after time, stories falsely attributed to me that I have not written. This occurs, too, in the face of reiterated protests against the practice, both from myself and from others in my name. I cannot help thinking that if a "smart" English publisher were to imitate this peculiar mode of manufacture, and produce books or serial stories which he attributed to an American author of some repute in England, knowing all the while that such literature was not written by such author, a sharp outcry would quickly arise for an international copyright to arrest such monstrously dishonest practices. Let us hope that American authors and statesmen will anticipate this evil day by initiating some measure of registration which shall protect reputations against the recklessness to which I now invoke attention.

M. E. BRADDON.

Warwick House, Paternoster Row,
August, 1871.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—*The Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Continued from page 555.)

In a recent notice of Talleyrand, we mentioned a note in the handwriting of his brother, to the effect that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improviseur Français*, a voluminous collection of anecdotes and jests; the fraternal inference being that his conversational brilliancy was partly owing to this repository. Pascal copies whole pages from Montaigne without quoting him. Sheridan confessedly acted on Molière's principle or no-principle; he was indebted to Farquhar for the *Trip to Scarborough*: the most admired bit of dialogue between Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle is the recast of a fine reflection in *Zadig*:* and consciously, or unconsciously, Tom Jones and Blifil must have influenced the conception of Charles and Joseph Surface. "With regard to the charges about the Shipwreck," wrote Lord Byron to Mr. Murray, "I think that I told you and Mr. Hobhouse years ago that there was not a single circumstance of it not taken from fact; not, indeed, from any single shipwreck, but all from actual facts of different shipwrecks." So little was Tasso ashamed of occasional imitations of other poets, or incorporated details from history, that, in his commentary on his *Rime*, he takes pains to point out all coincidences of the kind in his own poems. Scott lays particular stress in his Prefaces on the fidelity with which he has followed the narratives and traditions on which his romances are almost uniformly based, but he forgot to note that the scene in *Kenilworth*, where Amy is kneeling before Leicester, and asking him about his orders of knighthood, was copied from the *Egmont* of Goethe. Balzac has appropriated for one of his novels an entire chapter of *The Disowned*†. Lamartine has been tracked to gleaming grounds, which he hoped to visit incognito, by Sainte Beuve. Dr. Ferriar has unsparingly exposed the poaching propensity of Sterne, who, besides making free with Rabelais and Burton, has been indirectly the means of dragging more than one author from obscurity by stealing from him. Lord Brougham left a translation of Voltaire's *Mémoires*, ou *la Sagace Humaine*, to be published as an original composition of his own; and his executors, entering fully into the spirit of the testator, and carrying out his last wishes to the letter, have published it as he left it, without a hint, haply without a suspicion, of its quality.

One of the fine images with which Canning wound up his peroration on the Indemnity Bill of 1818 was certainly anticipated by Madame de Staël.‡ The embryo of Macaulay's *New Zealander* has been discovered in Horace Walpole's curious traveller from Lima; and the Theodora of *Lothair* bears so strong resemblance to the Olympia of *Half a Million* of Stars, as to raise a compromising conviction of identity. But these are trifles. On one of the most solemn and memorable occasions within living memory, in expressing as leader of the House of Commons the national feeling of gratitude and admiration for the hero of a hundred fights, Mr. Disraeli took boldly and boldly, without the change of a word, rather more than a third of his prepared oration from the translation of an article in a French review, on a French Marshal, by M. Thiers.

We have been at some pains to illustrate the various shades and degrees of what is commonly called plagiarism; because Dumas has been accused of all of them, from the gravest to the lightest, and needs all the support and sanction that can be derived from example and authority. If we are put to faith in his assailants, he has pushed to extravagance the appropriation doctrine of Molière; he has rivalled not only the broom-maker who stole the materials, but the one who stole his brooms ready-made; he has taken entire passages, like Mr. Disraeli, complete stories, like Voltaire and Lord Brougham; and as for plots, scenes, images, dialogues, if restitution to the original proprietors were enforced, he would be like the daw stripped of its borrowed plumes, or (to borrow a less hackneyed image from Lord Chatham) he would "stand before the world, like our first parents, naked, though not ashamed." But somehow these charges, while pointedly urged, have utterly failed in their main object; there is no denying the real genius, the genuine originality, of the man after all; and a decisive test is that what he takes assimilates to what he creates, and helps to form an harmonious whole, instead of lying, "like lumps of marl upon a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilise." Nor is his one of those puny reputations which must be kept alive by nursing, which cannot bear exposure, which go down at once before a storm. On the

contrary, it has almost invariably been confirmed and augmented by the most formidable attacks levelled at him, as a great flame is increased and extended by the wind which blows out a small one.

The autobiography of such a man could not well fail to abound in curious information, lively anecdote, and suggestive reflection; nor are these memoirs wanting in merits of a more sterling order. They contain some capital canons of criticism; and despite the irrepressible influences of national and personal vanity, they are marked by a pervading spirit of kindly feeling and good sense. If ill-disposed to spare the errors and weaknesses of his political adversaries, Dumas is almost always candid and generous towards his literary rivals. His highest admiration is reserved for real genius and true greatness; although the one may be fallen and the other out of fashion. It is never the reigning dynasty, nor the actual dispensers of favour and fortune, that are the objects of his most enthusiastic praise, but the friends or patrons who sacrificed their prospects to their principles, and lingered in exile, or died poor. We wish we could add that Dumas had kept himself equally free from interested considerations in his choice of topics and materials; for it is impossible not to fancy that many of these have been pressed into the service with an exclusive eye to book-making. For example, a long chapter is filled with an abstract of Moore's *Life of Byron*; and each volume contains episodic narratives of public events which have no peculiar bearing on his life. Still, we should gladly hail his reminiscences as a valuable contribution to the literary and political history of the nineteenth century if we could rely on their general accuracy. But we were startled at the commencement by sundry statements which, assuming them to be true, strikingly illustrate the maxim, *le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*; and we found more and more, as we proceeded, that would go far towards justifying the theory of the late Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, who formally laid down from the judgment-seat that writers of fiction are not good witnesses, because they necessarily contract an incurable habit of trusting to their imagination for their facts. On this delicate point, however, our readers may judge for themselves after reading Dumas' account of his birth, parentage, and education.

It were to be wished that the same philosophical indifference touching the distinctions of birth which was exhibited by Sydney Smith,* had been manifested by all autobiographers who could not boast of an admitted or clearly established claim to ancestral honours; for an apocryphal progenitor is very far indeed from conciliating respect or favour for his *soi-disant* descendant. After stating that he was born on the 24th July, 1802, at Villers-Coterets, "two hundred paces from the Rue de la Noue, where Desmoutiers died, two leagues from Ferté-Milon, where Racine was born, and seven leagues from Chateau-Thierry, where La Fontaine first saw the light," Dumas proceeds to state that his real hereditary name is not Dumas:—

"I am one of the men of our epoch whose right has been contested to the greatest number of things. People have even contested my right to my name of Davy de la Pailleterie, to which I attach no great importance, since I have never borne it, and because it will only be found at the end of my name of Dumas in the official acts which I have executed before notaries, or in the documents in which I have figured as principal or witness."

To prove his title to this honourable designation, he prints an exact copy of the register of his birth, from which he undoubtedly appears to be the legitimate offspring of Thomas Alexandre Dumas-Davy de la Pailleterie, General, &c., &c., who by other references is made out to be the son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a French nobleman or ancient family, who, adds his grandson, "by I know not what Court quarrel, or what speculative project, was induced, about 1760, to sell his property and domicile himself in St. Domingo." It would seem that his expatriation did not last long, for in 1786 we find him settled in Paris, where the following brief dialogue between him and his son, the father of the narrator, explains the alleged change of name. "The son calls upon the Marquis and announces a sudden resolution. 'What is it?' inquires the Marquis. 'To enlist.' 'As what?' 'As soldier.' 'Where?' 'In the first regiment that comes to hand.' 'As you like,' replied my grandfather; 'but as I am the Marquis de la Pailleterie, and Colonel Commissary-General of Artillery, I cannot permit my name to be dragged about in the lowest grades of the army.' 'Then you object to my enlisting?' 'No; but you will enlist under a *nom de guerre*.' 'Nothing can be more just; I will enlist under the name of Dumas.' 'Be it so.' And the Marquis, who had never been the tenderest of fathers, turned his back on his son, leaving him free to do as he chose. 'My father, therefore, enlisted, as agreed, under the name of Alexandre Dumas.' The Marquis died thirteen days afterwards, but the new recruit never assumed his hereditary name and title—an omni-

* 'Astarté est femme; elle laisse parler ses regards avec d'autant plus d'imprudence qu'elle ne se croit pas encore coupable. Malheureusement rassurée sur son innocence, elle néglige les dehors nécessaires. Je tremblai pour elle tant qu'elle n'aura rien à se reprocher.'—*Zadig*.

† We are under an impression that it was Bulwer, not Balzac, who "appropriated."—A. S. S.

‡ "If in the hour of peril the statue of Liberty has been veiled for a moment, let it be confessed in justice that the hands whose painful duty it was to spread that veil, have not been the least prompt to remove it."

* In reference to Lockhart's attempt to make out an irreproachable pedigree for Sir Walter Scott, Sydney Smith said—"When Lady Lansdowne asked me about my grandfather, I told her he disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions."

sion which might fairly warrant a passing doubt of his right to them, were it not for a certificate, signed by four notables of St. Germain en Laye, to the effect that he was by birth a genuine Davy de la Pailleterie.

(To be continued.)

DAME BRITANNIA'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC: OR, A SOLO ON NATIONAL AND FOREIGN AIRS.

DEDICATED TO ALL ENGLISH LOVERS OF MUSIC, BY JOHN CHESHIRE.

(Continued from page 631.)

The million go to the National Gallery, and view with wonder the works of English masters. It cannot be said they have appreciation of what they see, though they are better able to follow nature as allied to painting and sculpture than they are fifty times over with high class music, the meaning of which is totally above their comprehension. But we have begun at the wrong end: we offer the classics before the mere elementary part of the art is barely thought of. There's been no *medium* school; it's been High Art, or nothing. The consequences are obvious—faint and false ideas of the glorious creations of the great masters, from a want of first steps to musical knowledge.

And on this hypothesis we erect our permanent standard as a nation for the appreciation of Art. No! here is our mistake! The million have had a wrong done them in not having had those few and easy privileges that the other arts have been allowed them; our National School has been treated with contumely; our English talent allowed oblivion; and though the sister art, Painting, can almost swoon with a plethora of thousands lavished upon her and her gallery, there's no helping hand to rescue music from that isolated position which cripples her, and renders her, from this wanton neglect, a pursuit so fortuitous and barren of real good—a result as shameful to the Government of this country as it is undeserving to the art and its followers. Only within the last five or six years have Government condescended to barely acknowledge music as an art worthy of thought; and the miserable pittance they allow it (£500 a-year to the Royal Academy of Music) is scarce sufficient to buy coals and gas with. It may, perhaps, be said there's little Nationality for music where the nation does not own it.

Abroad, they manage things better. Foreign governments consider music a national necessity, a real moral want, and subscribe to it accordingly: hence it is that foreign talent is better taken care of, and proud of its national love for art, and still prouder often of showing us we are *mechanics*, not *artists*; for it has been observed that the most mediocre foreign talent frequently supercedes in gaining (through a false appreciation) more approbation than that accorded to many of our own genuine and modest native artists. There may be some sympathy in this, but it's both lamentably true and unjust. Indeed, so much does this now prevail in society, that our true Briton has all he can do to stand his ground.

The day has gone for too much conservatism in art. Would that we had a few Wagners to counteract our apathy, to give our world of art a new colour (the more the controversy upon it—for or against—the better). We are now so far in a lifeless condition, that if we move not we must soon droop and wither.

Let it, then, be urged to remove this listlessness, this retrograding torpor—that a necessity exists in our Royal Academy of Music being fully recognized by the *Government* and the *nation*; with its present principal (Sir. W. Sterndale Bennett) and directors; that they shall have sufficient funds allowed them to carry it on upon broader means than the present funds allow: that their system of management shall not only embody tuition and exhibitions, but form the "standard upon which could reasonably be expected to decide and raise the present musical taste of England." Our Royal Academy of Music has fostered sufficient talent, and has now, I believe, a greater amount within its walls than ever was known. Many of its professors occupy the best positions all over the country; and had there been any National spirit for the art in the Government to develop and enable this talent to progress under its influence, there's no knowing the amount of good that would have resulted.

Propagators of so-called art there may be; but I speak not of those sacrilegious stereotypes of it, nor those pale photos of

originals—those phantoms of the true and real. I would welcome a truly National spirit and home for music in this country: it should rank as high as any institute next to the Church: it should be as sacred to art as the other is to its religious faith.

What would art be in England were there such an institute? As it is, the sacredness of art is overlooked, from a want of reverence for it, and sheer commerce, barter and indifference supply its place. I leave it to others to say how far ostentation takes the place of real love for art now-a-days: whether the absence of a national will to place music in its proper sphere has not infinitely injured the talent of England: whether the total want of recognition of a public necessity has not served to damp the best talent of our time, and been subverted by reckless introductions that pervert the taste of the multitude, which, speaking musically, is being so heedlessly perverted, that ere long to fix a standard of true art will only be further caricatured as a piece of mysticism or unmeaning frivolity.

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN ORGAN.

(From the "New York Weekly Review".)

A new parlour organ has been built by Messrs. George Jardine & Son for Mr. Louis B. Wright, of Scarborough, N.Y., America. The arrangement of the case and pipes is similar—although on a much smaller scale—to the organ in St. George's Church, i.e., displaying all the pipes of the great organ, which, from four-feet C, are of rich mottled metal, the largest metal and pedal pipes forming pyramidal groups on either end, and are decorated in gold and colours; the swell forms the centre piece, surmounted by carved scrollwork, supporting musical instruments. The organ is to be blown by an hydraulic engine, of the same kind as the one attached to Jardine's large organ in St. John's M. E. Church, Brooklyn, which, while doing the work of three men, only costs an average of one dollar per Sunday for water, and yet so ample is the supply of wind that it cannot be exhausted. The price of the new organ built for Mr. Wright, of Scarborough, is 4,000 dollars. The stops are as follows:—

GREAT ORGAN.

FEET.	PIPER.	FEET.	PIPER.
1. 8 Open Diapason.....	56	4. 4 Principal.....	56
2. 8 Clariana.....	56	5. 4 Harmonic Flute.....	56
3. 8 Stopp'd Diapason treb.		6. 3 Quint.....	56
Open wood.....	56	7. 2 Piccolo.....	56

SWELL ORGAN.

1. 16 Bourdon.....	44	6. 8 Dulciana.....	44
2. 8 Voix Celestis.....	44	7. 4 Violino.....	56
3. 8 Viol d'Amor.....	44	8. 2 Flageolet.....	56
4. 8 { Clarinet Flute } 56		9. 8 { Oboe } 56	
5. 8 { Stop. Diapason Bass } 56		10. 8 { Bassoon bass } 56	

PEDAL.

16. Bourdon.....	25
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MECHANICAL STOPS.

1. Swell to Great.	4. Tremulant to Swell.
2. Great to Pedal.	5. Bellows.
3. Swell to Pedal.	7. Engine.

The Government has promised the Church of St. Pantaleone, at Cologne, to the Alt-Catholic party for service.

Mlle. Emma Albani, says an American paper, is engaged by Mr. Gye for five years, the terms being £250 per month for the first three years, and £300 for the rest of the engagement. This Mlle. Albani is a Canadian by birth, her real name being Emma La Jeunesse; her father is of an old French Canadian family, and her mother of Scottish descent.

Signor Gustave Garcia has returned from Paris, where he has been fulfilling an engagement at the Théâtre Lyrique. The Paris journal, *Le Soir*, in a notice of the performances, writes:—

"Among the recruits is M. Garcia, a barytone, a son of Madame Eugène Garcia, and, consequently, nephew to the two admirable artists, Malibran and Viardot. M. Garcia, 'chasse de race,' as the proverb says, we have no doubt will soon make himself talked about. The Barber was not particularly well given, notwithstanding the assistance of M. Garcia, who, after having sung in the *Ballo in Maschera*, with great success, came out as Figaro, and completely gained the good opinion of the audience."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

RIVINGTONS.—"A Theory of Harmony, founded on the Tempered Scale," by John Stainer, Mus. Doc., M.A.

WAIFS.

We have been requested to state that Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's absence from town (in the north of England) prevented him from attending the funeral of the late Mr. Cipriani Potter, at the cemetery of Kensal Green, on Monday last. We need hardly be assured that no one would have been more desirous of paying this mark of respect to the departed master than Mr. Sullivan, who, like every other student in the Royal Academy of Music, must have derived advantage, directly or indirectly, from his example.

M. Rivière, conductor of the Promenade Concerts, announces that his benefit is to take place on Saturday next, the 14th inst.

Herr Schubert, director of the Schubert Society, Mozart and Beethoven Society, &c., has returned to town from Scotland.

The Academy of Fine Arts of Paris has awarded a prize to M. Chouquet, for his *History of the Musical Drama in France*.

It is a curious fact, but a fact nevertheless, that not a single piece by Onslow, Ferdinand Ries, or Cipriani Potter, has ever been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts.

Mr. Alfred Baylis has received from Signor Delle Sedie a valuable portrait, with the following inscription: "Testimonio di Stima, dat al mio carissimo e diligente scolare, Alfred Baylis in London, Sept., 1871."

Mr. Henry Leslie has in preparation a new Musical Annual for 1872. It will be published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and will contain contributions by Blumenthal, Virginia Gabriel, Henry Smart, C. Godfrey, and Henry Leslie.

Mr. Edward Murray, the polite acting manager of M. Rivière's promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, announces his benefit for Monday week the 16th inst. (an extra night), when a "bumper" house may be confidently relied on.

M. Hervé's Opera Bouffe *Chilperic* will be succeeded at the Royalty by an original Comic Opera in two acts, entitled *Paquita*, the libretto by Mr. R. Reece, and the music by Mr. Mallandaine, composer of "The Haunted Mill," "Loves' Secret," "Sylvia," &c. A new Opera Bouffe by M. Hervé is also in active preparation.

Five professors of the French Conservatoire de Musique are about to retire on pensions. They are Beauvallet, formerly of the Théâtre Français, who has directed a class of tragedy and comedy since 1839; Elwart, teacher of harmony and composition; Tariot, of singing; Duvernoy, of lyrical declamation; and Dieppo, of trombone.

P. T. Barnum's circus, etc., is on its travels. Whether the famous Balcony Band accompanies it, we do not know. This band in its palmy days was celebrated for doing the worst playing ever heard. Some one asked Barnum why he did not get a better. He said the idea was to have them play so badly that everybody would pay a quarter to get inside where they could not hear the music(?). It was also profitable, as the following anecdote goes to show: One morning the papers contained an advertisement: "Wanted—A trombone player for Barnum's Balcony Band. Apply between ten and two at the office of the Museum." So about eleven o'clock the office door opened, and a trombone entered, and a man behind it. "You want a trombone player?" said the new comer (the man, not the instrument). "Yes," said Mr. Barnum. "What is the place worth?" asked the applicant. "Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week, I suppose," said Barnum. "Very well, I should like it." "All right," said Barnum. So all the week through the trombone was at its post. Then came Saturday, and Mr. Green, the trombone player, presented himself for his salary. Mr. Barnum handed him a paper on which was written:

Mr. P. Green,

To P. T. Barnum, Dr.,
To playing trombone on his balcony one week, 25.00 dols.
Rec'd pay't.

Aug. 11, 1851.

Mr. Green read the bill, and smiled, and then looked at Mr. Barnum. "Well," said Mr. Barnum, "it's all right, isn't it?" "Why," said Green, "the price is right, but you've made such a funny mistake. You make me the debtor, instead of you." "I see no mistake in that," said Barnum. "You are the one that has made a mistake. You see, the case is this: There are a good many gentlemen in this city who are fond of practising brass instruments, but they cannot do so at home, on account of the neighbours' objections. So I furnish them room on my balcony a number of hours per day, where it does no harm, the street being so very noisy, and they pay me a small sum per week for my trouble in keeping the organization full. You must have thought me green to hire and pay such an infernally poor lot of players. However, as you appear to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week, but hereafter I can make no reduction." Mr. Green did not play the second week.

ORGAN MUSIC.

HANDEL'S CHORUSES FOR THE ORGAN.

(WITH PEDAL OBLIGATO)

ARRANGED BY

HENRY SMART.

"These arrangements have been expressly made for the use of amateurs and students of the Organ, by Mr. HENRY SMART, whose name is as sufficient a guarantee of their excellence as their universal adoption by the most eminent professors is a proof of their utility."

No.		s. d.
1.	"Fixed in His Everlasting Seat" ... (Samson)	3 0
2.	"The Horse and his Rider" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
3.	"They Loathed to Drink" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
4.	"Hallelujah" ... (Messiah)	3 0
5.	"Let us break their Bonds" ... (Messiah)	3 0
6.	"And the Glory of the Lord" ... (Messiah)	3 0
7.	"Let their Celestial Concerts" ... (Samson)	3 0
8.	"But as for His People" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
9.	"The King shall rejoice" ... (Coronation Anthem)	3 0
10.	"From the Censer" ... (Solomon)	3 0
11.	"For unto us a Child is Born" ... (Messiah)	3 0
12.	"He smote all the First-born in Egypt" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
13.	"O Father, whose Almighty Power" ... (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
14.	"We worship God" ... (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
15.	"Sing unto God" ... (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
16.	"Thus rolling Surges Rise" ... (Solomon)	3 0
17.	"All the earth doth worship Thee" ... (Dettingen Te Deum)	3 0
18.	"May no rash intruder" ... (Solomon)	3 0
19.	"Worthy is the Lamb" ... (Messiah)	3 0
20.	"Amen" ... (Sequel to ditto)	3 0
21.	"Zadok the Priest" ... (Coronation Anthem)	3 0

THREE SACRED CHORUSES BY ROSSINI.

ARRANGED BY

HENRY SMART.

1.	"Faith" ... (La Fede—La Foi)	3 0
2.	"Hope" ... (La Speranza—L'Espérance)	3 0
3.	"Charity" ... (La Carità—La Charité)	3 0

ALSO,	
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